

to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hangd, haſt no ſayth in thee:

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gads-hill.* Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it be two a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lantherne, to ſee my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God ſoft; I know a tricke worth two of that I ſayth.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile ſee thee hangd firſt.

*Gad.* Sirra *Carrier*, What time doe you meane to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Muges*, weeſle call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho, *Chamberlaine*.

*Cham.* At hand quoth Pick-purſe.

*Gad.* That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the *Chamberlaine*, for thou varieſt no more from picking of Purſes, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layeſt the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, theres a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundanca of charge too, God knowes what; they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter: they will away preſently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it; I pray thee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt Saint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falſehood may.

*Gad.* What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman; if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, old *Sir Iohn* hangs with me, & thou knowes he is no ſtarueling; tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their owne credit ſake, make al whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpenny ſtrikers, none of theſe madde muſtachio purple hewd malt-worms, but with nobility, and tranquility, Burgomaſters and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in ſuch as wil ſtrike ſooner then ſpeake, & ſpeak ſooner then drinke, & drinke ſooner then pray; and yet (Zounds) Ile lie, for they pray continually to their ſaint the Comon-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Bootes.

*Cham.* What, the Common-wealth their Bootes? will ſhee hold out Water in ſoule way?

*Gad.* She will, ſhe will, luſtice hath liquord her: we ſteale as in a Caſtle, cockſure; we haue the receit of Ferneſeed, we walke inuiſible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my ſayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a truſman.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a falſe theefe.

*Gad.* Go to, *homo* is a comon name to all men; bid the Oſtler bring my Gelding out of the ſtable; farewell ye muddy knaue.

*Enter Prince, Poinces, and Peto, &c.*

*Poinces.* Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remooued *Falſtaffes* Horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

*Prince.* Stand cloſe.

*Enter Falſtaffe.*

*Falſ.* *Poinces*, *Poinces*, and be hangd *Poinces*.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat-kidneyd rafeall, what a brawling doſt thou keepe?

*Falſ.* What *Poinces*, *Hal*?

*Prin.* He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeek him.

*Fal.* I am accuſt to rob in that theeues company, the rafeall hath remoued my Horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the ſquire further a foote, I ſhal break my winde: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forſworne his company hourelly any time this 22. yeare, and yet I am be-

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